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THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM

TRAVEL SUPPLEMENT

ON TRAVELLING IN GENERAL

By PHILIP MORRELL.

TO travel is something more than a mere pleasure, though it is one of the greatest of pleasures; it is a kind of necessity of our spiritual nature, the truest refreshment of our imagination, the best medicine of the soul. Even in the Middle Ages, when the life of the ordinary man and woman was perhaps as unhappy and precarious as it has ever been, even in the Middle Ages, they had the advantage of making pilgrimages. It became necessary at last for spiritual directors to lay down strict rules on the subject, for fear the more pious of their flock—and others who were less pious—should spend the whole of their time and substance in journeying from shrine to shrine. And in later times the good John Keble, who, for all his high Anglicanism, had something of the Puritan about him, was obviously quite in error when he wrote:—

“The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we need to ask,”

for that is just what the trivial round and common task will never do. There are times when we simply must get away from them, for fear something worse should befall us. Travelling is the means of freedom and escape, the escape from old, dull habits, the escape from our dusty selves. Why, then, do we hesitate to go?

ITALY, SPAIN, AND FRANCE.

And yet there are people—apparently quite intelligent people, who claim to be educated and have reached a reasonable age, and acquired a certain amount of money—who have never seen Rome, and at present have no intention of seeing it, are, in fact, quite willing to die without seeing it at all. How many thousands of our fellow-countrymen have never even crossed the Alps, or seen the tombs at Verona, or watched the barges floating under the Rialto, or heard the water lapping the steps of the Piazzetta, or enjoyed the dark coolness of St. Mark's? Is there any one of us who does not at times feel

“a languishment
For skies Italian”?

but still we hesitate to go. And how many thousands more have never crossed the Pyrenees, or known the thrill of entering the Velasquez room at the Prado, or walked over the bridge at Toledo, or wandered in the gardens of Aranguez? But if you say that Spain and Italy are too far off—that it takes time and money to go there—is there not France, with its countless treasures, lying there almost within sight of us? And yet I am inclined to believe that there are still readers of *THE NATION* who have never seen those cliffs of quarried stone, as Pater describes them, in the Church of Notre Dame d'Amiens—one of the most superb of Gothic churches—or heard the great organ at Chartres, perhaps the most magnificent building of them all, or enjoyed the lovely light of the unfinished masterpiece at Beauvais? And how many of them have ever wandered through Provence, with its splendid monuments of an ancient civilization, or visited the amphitheatre at Arles and the Palace of the wicked Popes at Avignon, or walked round the ramparts of Aigues Mortes? And yet these places are no more than a day's journey away.

DENMARK AND ENGLAND.

But let us suppose there are good Liberals amongst us who like their travelling to be “instructive,” and have less interest in the monuments of the past than in the conditions of modern life. For them, what better expedition could be devised than a thirty hours' voyage to Esbjerg and a week or two spent in the Danish countryside, with perhaps just a passing glance at the Castle of Elsinore? Is it possible that any intelligent Liberal has not yet visited that happy country, where you will find the best land system in the world, and an educated, contented, prosperous people, the true model of a co-operative State? Last of all, but not least important, there is the problem of our own country, with its untold wealth of beauty; how many of us have really explored it? How many of our countrymen are there who have never seen Stonehenge, or walked over the Berkshire Downs, and do not know the coloured alabaster tomb of Chaucer's granddaughter at Ewelme, most exquisite example of fifteenth-century work? How many of them have never seen Winchester or wandered through Dorset and Devon? There may be even some amongst us who have never seen King's Chapel at Cambridge—surely one of the loveliest buildings in the world—but are content to go year after year to some crowded, ugly seaside town and spend the whole of their hardly earned leisure in no better occupation than tennis and golf. It would be interesting if our Literary Editor, when he next feels disposed to inquire into the spiritual state of the nation, would turn his attention to these matters. A new Questionnaire on Travel might produce surprising results.

A FEW DIFFICULTIES.

It is difficult, no doubt, to travel well; if it were not, would it be so well worth doing as it is? It is difficult to decide on the best route, difficult to choose the right companionship. There are always difficulties of money; sometimes there are difficulties of health. But the main difficulty, after all, is one of mood, which we believe, however fondly, to be, to some extent at least, within our own control. To have the right spirit of adventure and curiosity, to make one's way effectively and without undue self-assertion; to be calm and receptive of new impressions; to be adaptable and ready to change plans if necessary; to be quick to seize every chance that comes along; these are some of the qualities that make the good traveller, though they are not always easy to acquire; for “the travelling spirit,” as Mr. Stephen Graham put it in his article of a year ago, “is even more important than travel itself.” As for companionship, no doubt a companion is desirable—to travel alone for more than a day or two is altogether too exciting—and I seem to remember that Dr. Johnson once suggested that to drive swiftly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman was the height of earthly bliss. But for my part I am less exacting, or rather I am afraid that the pretty woman in question, unless I happened to know her very well, might perhaps be too exacting for me, and diminish rather than augment the other pleasures of my journey. It is sometimes said that old friendships have been broken by travelling, but were such old friendships

worth preserving? To travel with an old and tried friend, to recall the memories of other journeys, and sometimes to revisit the places where you have been long ago together—is there any greater bond of friendship than that?

SOME PRACTICAL ADVICE.

Let me conclude these random notes with a few practical suggestions to the young and inexperienced; for such advice, if seldom accepted, is none the less pleasant to give. Take your travels seriously—they are serious affairs—and prepare your way by maps and books before you start. But not too seriously, or you will become a bore; and remember there is no bore in the world so boring as the travelled bore, who is perpetually talking of all that he has seen and done. Don't be too systematic in your sight-seeing or think your journey ruined unless you see everything there is to be seen, and do everything which every one else has done. On the other hand, don't go to Florence and come away without seeing the Michael Angelos in the Medici Chapel. There are some things that simply must be seen; after that a wise selection is advisable. Don't be too niggardly about money matters; I have known tours spoilt by money worries. You cannot be quite so economical abroad as you are here in England. When your money is exhausted, or becoming exhausted, you must come back home. Don't travel in a foreign country without having at least some smattering of the language, but a fortnight at a Berlitz School before you start will work wonders. By all means keep a diary, and, if possible, take a Kodak also. Otherwise you will forget half you see and do, which would be a pity. But don't for a moment suppose that your diary will be of the faintest interest to anyone but yourself. You will not have time to write it well, even assuming that you have the ability, which very few of us have; for nothing in the world is so difficult as to write well about travel.

TRAVEL IN IRELAND

By STEPHEN GWYNN.

I HAVE no passion for motor-cars, but it must be allowed that they have enormously increased the amenities of life in Ireland—above all, for travelling visitors. The country is so thinly peopled that railways can never cover it closely; on the other hand, it possesses an amazing network of roads (because we used, in the good old times, to have frequent famines and roadmaking was the usual form of relief work). You could always get about anywhere on wheels, and the Irish jaunting car has been much celebrated, even in song. But the jaunting car on a fine day might be "Cupid's own conveyance," with the suitable companion; on a wet day one hour of it was purgatory, and anything beyond that a fair instalment of the other place. And drives of four hours were no rarity. To-day you can get a Ford anywhere, and generally it has some kind of cover. Fares are cheap. The roads, which three years ago were fair to bad, are now fair to good. In out-of-the-way places a heavy car may suffer.

As for the attractions, everybody knows them. I happened to be in West Cork when Lindbergh flew over it, and did not wonder that he thought it the most beautiful place he ever saw. So far as I make out, he came in from sea about the Dingle peninsula, took a line over Killarney and Gouganebarra, and out to sea again over the winding water of Roscarbery. Now I need not talk about Killarney, but the Dingle peninsula is so little visited that even I have not been there; of all the mountainous tongues of land which shoot out from our south-west coast it is certainly not the least beautiful, and it is the richest of all in archæo-

logical interest. The next to it, southwards, between Dingle Bay and the Kenmare River, is better known; this is the peninsula of Iveragh; the Killarney Mountains form its base; the Southern Railway has a hotel at Caragh Lough, on Dingle Bay, and one at Parknasilla, on the Kenmare River, and another at Kenmare; and the valley of the Lee to Cork and the Cove of Cork is a chain of loveliness. Many people travel it, but very few explore the south coast. Yet from the Mizen, its westernmost corner, to Crosshaven it is all delightful and full of history. There are good little hotels at Schull and at Glandore; and at Baltimore, where Conor O'Brien builds his ocean-going twenty-tonners, no doubt accommodation can be found. (It can be found, for that matter, on Cape Char.)

Hotels owned by the railways, north or south, are generally the best appointed; but there are plenty of others round the coasts of Iveragh, and much good fishing. Motor-coaches run all round it. Next comes the peninsula which has Bantry Bay for its southern side, and here is Glengarriff, with Eccles's and Roche's hotels and half a dozen smaller ones. A system of motor-buses connects this with Killarney and Bantry. But westward is Castletown Bere, very little known except to soldiers and sailors, and it has a clean little hotel, and I thought the grounds of Dunboy Castle (about which Froude wrote his book) as beautiful as anything at Glengarriff or at Bantry, and nobody could put it higher. Bantry House, with its wonderful grounds and wonderful collection of tapestries and other loot from the Tuileries, is now accessible to the visitor.

Gouganebarra, the lake in the hills from which the Lee rises, is gloomy and grand as Glendalough, the other lake of sanctity, which Dubliners can reach so easily.

I have taken only one region in some detail. Mayo and Galway make another, with the great lakes inland, Mask and Corrib, near Galway, Conn and Cullen, near Ballina—the best free trout fishing in these islands, with salmon and pike also. Then again, from Galway you can make raids into Clare to the Burren, and down to the famous links at Lahinch (but links are being multiplied now on the west coast); or you can go and stay on the Aran Islands, or on Achill (an island which needs no sea journey). Achill and Aran are the places for sea fishing on the grand scale; spin for basking shark if you like, or for sunfish.

North of these is the region of Sligo and Donegal; I put them together because there is a coach service from Sligo to Ballyshannon—and probably beyond that in August. At Bundoran, a regular watering-place, a couple of miles from Ballyshannon, you are in easy reach of Lough Erne—subject to the small formalities of crossing the border. But this lovely lake and its islands are better explored from Enniskillen (an ideal boating centre) or from the very pleasant Lough Erne Hotel, half-way down the lower lough.

You cannot go wrong for beauty anywhere on the Donegal coast, and Gartan and Kilmacrenan and Milford in the basin of the River Lennon are all beloved by anglers; Gartan is nearest to Glenveagh and to the wildest lake and mountain scenery. At Rosapenna or Sheephaven you get into touch with the series of golf links which follows the coast, by Portsalon and Mackamish, on Lough Swilly, with Fahan opposite on the Inishowen side, and then along Lough Foyle to Portstewart and Portrush and Ballycastle, where the Glens of Antrim begin. Southernmost of the famous golfing places in the Six Counties is Newcastle, at the foot of the Mourne Mountains.

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Southern Ireland is the place for a jolly friendly holiday. Good spirits grow in every cottage garden there and the hearty Irish "God bless you" pursues the visitor wherever he goes.

As well as the better known watering places, there are jolly little towns all around the coast—towns with just enough visitors to be sociable but never enough for a crowd. Tramore with its race course and golf links. Youghal where Sir Walter Raleigh planted the first potato—father of all the "praties" that grow and flourish in Ireland to-day. Inland there are quiet villages where you can hear Gaelic spoken and little old country towns to which the visitor hardly ever penetrates.

Around Dublin—and Dublin itself is brilliantly gay as a capital should be, and beautifully situated between the sea and the mountains—is country famous for its beauty and historical interest. Tara, where the High Kings reigned for centuries before the coming of St. Patrick. The Celtic architecture of the ruins of Monasterboice and the beautiful Gothic ruins of Mellifont.

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versely, from a hotel at Malahide or Howth or Bray or Greystones you have command of Dublin, where there is more to see and to do than in any other town of its size in these islands.

It is hard to know what to mention in so brief a space; but nobody who motors in the South of Ireland should fail to visit Cashel of the Kings, with its extraordinary group of buildings on a lesser acropolis, rising out of the Golden Vein, and overlooked by the Galtees. And on the other side of that glorious range is the valley of the Blackwater, with river scenery for which I have seen no match—and half a dozen rivers to fish in. Then there is Limerick and the valley of the Shannon, with the Falls of Doonass and the rapids of Castle Connell as they still are—and as, alas! they will not be in a few years, after the big river has been put under harness.

In general, what we have to show is the beauty made by nature, often embellished by man's planting. Only here and there, as at Kilkenny and at Adare, are ancient buildings still piously preserved in their beauty. Only here and there also are hotels which it is a pleasure to recommend. But there are a good few such hotels; and even when the fare and accommodation are less good, there is always a welcome. Some English people doubt this. All one can say about that is: let them go and see.—Also those who travel third-class in England can perfectly well do the same in Ireland.

SWITZERLAND

IS it not absurd, I sometimes ask myself, to recommend anyone to go anywhere? For it all depends on what you're "after," what it is you really want when you go abroad. The best one can do in describing any country is to state as definitely as possible both what it provides and what it does not provide. Then at least there can be no deception. Then the intending traveller can look into his heart, and, having ascertained what he is after, can choose his destination accordingly.

Are you interested, for instance, in classical architecture and old gardens? Then obviously you must go not to Switzerland, but to Italy. Stay, by all means, for a day or two at Lucerne or at Lausanne on your way, but be careful not to dawdle and get entangled in Swiss charms, or you may forget the delights of Palladio's columns and Bramante's dome, and the ilexes and statues of the Villa d'Este, and afterwards perhaps reproach yourself for your weakness. Or do you wish to study scientific agriculture? Why, then, you must go either to Denmark or Germany, for while Switzerland is full of cows and rich meadows and fruitful orchards, its conditions for the most part are so different from those of other countries that it will not help you very much. Or are you a lover of Mozart's music? In that case, when August comes, you must take a ticket for Salzburg or for Munich. In fact, it would be well to take one at once, for the crowd at those places is enormous. Not that there is no good music to be heard in Switzerland. There are organ recitals at Berne, and Beethoven Festivals at Geneva, and at Lucerne they have operas and musical comedies, and at Montreux promenade concerts, and at Vevey, that charming little town on the Lake of Geneva, with its pleasant lime-walks, they are to have on August 6th* a grand Venetian fête, when you will enjoy, if you happen to be there, the sound of music floating over the water, and will learn how romantic a summer night can be.

* Particulars of these and other attractions are given in a pamphlet published by the Swiss National Tourist, and issued by the London Agency of the Swiss Federal Railways, 11, Regent Street, S.W.1, to which every intending traveller to Switzerland should apply.

But, nevertheless, if you have the special taste for Mozart which makes those who have it some of the happiest of mortals, you must not be turned aside by any Helvetic attractions. Either Germany or Austria is your true and proper destination. So again, if you enjoy the free spending of money and the sight of rich and highly fed men and exquisitely dressed women and the atmosphere of bowing waiters and smart hotels, why not try Deauville or Trouville or the Lido? No doubt you can find smart hotels in Switzerland also, but Deauville and Trouville are closer at hand, and will probably serve your purpose better.

But if you have none of these special tastes, if your chief aim is to get a simple holiday, if you prefer the beauties of nature to the delights of crowded watering-places and big towns, if you like the scent of the morning and the tinkling of cowbells and the sound of splashing water and the sight of wild flowers in the grass, and if you like that sort of hospitality and good nature which you seem to find so much more frequently—I never know why—amongst the inhabitants of the smaller countries than in those which go in for being Great Powers—if that is the sort of person you are, could you do better than come to this little country, so ancient, so well-managed, and, on the whole, so happy, where so many of these advantages are to be found?

No doubt there are superior, highly cultivated people who have outgrown their pleasure in mountains and lakes and nature generally, who desire to enjoy more civilized effects, and are apt to raise their eyebrows in polite surprise when you speak to them of these other advantages; but for my part I prefer the unsophisticated confession of John Addington Symonds, who spent a great part of his life at Davos, and, in spite of the occasional carelessness of his style, had at least some claims to be regarded as a cultivated and intelligent man. "Of all the joy in life," he wrote, "none is greater than the joy of arriving in Switzerland at the end of a long, dusty day's journey from Paris. There is nothing in all experience of travel like this. Neither Rome nor the Riviera wins our hearts like Switzerland. We do not lie awake in London thinking of them, we do not long so intensely as the year comes round to revisit them. Our affection for them is less a passion than that which we cherish for Switzerland." Certainly, in my own smaller experience, I can recall few more delightful impressions than when, one summer evening after a week's motoring through France, we first arrived at the little Swiss town of Yverdon. We had had a week of splendid variety; had struggled over the rough roads of Normandy and spent two happy days in the little village of Les Andelys, on the banks of the Seine; had stayed in the old town at Versailles and wandered in the evening in the Palace Gardens; had visited Fontainebleau and Auxerre and climbed the steep hill to Vézelay; had lunched at the famous restaurant at Saulieu, that haunt of greedy motorists; in fact, we had thoroughly enjoyed our journey; and at last, late one evening, we crossed the frontier at Pontarlier and motored down, tired and hungry, to the Hotel de la Prairie at Yverdon; and what a charming welcome we received. Nowhere in all our wanderings did we find a more delightful hospitality. There is a sense of happiness and security in Switzerland which no one who has not felt it can understand.

But the whole country, we sometimes hear, is vulgarized and overrun; it has become too popular; it is the mere playground of Europe. Yes, Switzerland is, no doubt, an admirable playground. You may climb there and walk there, and swim and boat and play tennis and golf, and enjoy the snow and frost of winter; it offers you every sort of recreation, and for travellers who have not learnt to pick their way it may at times seem crowded; but nowhere else

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Unknown Dorset. By DONALD MAXWELL. (Lane. 15s.)
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THERE was a time when every traveller was expected to "see the sights" of any place or country visited. It is questionable whether in most cases he really wanted to see them. But conformity to standards in travel, as in everything else, was part of the Victorian complacency against which we are now witnessing the inevitable revolt. Travel, in the Victorian Age, was (or, at least, pretended to be) a solemn matter of education. To-day, however, we are more honest. We take our holidays in a higher spirit—and, for that very reason, we derive a more serious benefit from them. Relieved of the necessity for mock enthusiasms, we have time to concentrate upon what does genuinely interest us.

This change of attitude is vividly reflected in modern travel literature. Of the eight volumes before us only one is designed for the old-fashioned "sight-seer," and, as is recognized in the preface, Mr. Ware's little guide to ancient Paris is likely to make its main appeal to American visitors, who still like to keep up the pretence of "doing" everything. For their benefit Mr. Ware has grouped the main buildings of historic interest in Paris into three itineraries, each of which should occupy not more than four hours. Each itinerary is described, step by step; and Mr. Ware has certainly succeeded in packing a large amount of information into a very small space. His book should be immensely popular among the "hustlers."

Mr. Gwynn has written a series of personal essays, with France as the central theme. He is incidentally descriptive and informative, but mainly impressionistic and anecdotal. He has had a long and intimate acquaintance with France, and he writes not only of its landscape and architecture, but of its people, its fishing, its cookery, and its wines. He is, indeed, thoroughly in love with France—its soul as well as its body; and he delightfully communicates his own enthusiasm to the reader.

"Normandy," with its many beautiful photographs, is the latest addition to the very distinctive series of "Picture Guides." M. Maclair is more systematic in his method than Mr. Gwynn, and gives us more detailed and static information. But he, too, has made it his main object to convey impressionistically "the portrait of a place," and in his own way he is not less successful. But, while Mr. Gwynn is terse, robust, and sometimes humorous, M. Maclair's style is quiet, meditative, and tinged with a mild mysticism.

"The Land of the Rhone" is intended for the traveller to whom history is not a vague sentiment, but a genuine passion. Mr. Quigley has written a solid and sober account of the development of the Rhone Valley from the time of the early Greeks to the present day, and he has sought to correct the prevailing standard of judgment by stressing the importance of some of the less picturesque elements in

the story. While, for instance, he does not overlook the Troubadours, he rescues the Renaissance poets and the printing presses of Lyons from the obscurity in which they have lain too long; he gives special attention to the smaller towns; and he devotes less space to such famous writers as Alphonse Daudet than to neglected ones like Joseph d'Arbaud and Jean Toussaint Samat. Throughout this long and careful study, indeed, "fashion has been pushed aside in favour of knowledge regarding achievement."

While Mr. Quigley writes only for the serious student, Signor Ricci, one of the leading Italian art critics, addresses himself to the general reader. Contrasting the contributions to civilization of the various parts of Italy, he says: "Umbria is the Holy Province—saintly its countenance, saintly its great men, saintly its art and its mission to the whole of Italy and to the world." In this fervent style—which, however, is never merely superficial—the author describes the Umbrian country, and he deals in picturesque and popular fashion with its great historical figures like St. Benedict, St. Francis, and Perugino.

Mr. Vincent belongs to the gay and urbane type of wanderer of which Mr. E. V. Lucas is the best-known exemplar. Mr. Vincent roams at large about Italy, noting only what spontaneously interests him, and giving us a pleasant medley of description, reflection, and personal adventure. Written in a light, discursive essay style, his volume is very companionable.

Mr. Donald Maxwell's "Unknown Dorset" is the seventh of his series of "unmethodical explorations" of the English counties. His letterpress is rambling and scrappy in the extreme, and, though it makes engaging enough light reading, it has often no real connection with its theme. Compensation is afforded, however, by his many illustrations in colour and line. Mr. Maxwell's pictures are not merely a delight to the eye, but they give really vital impressions of the scenes they represent; and a welcome feature of them is their reminder that "bad" weather has its beauty no less than good.

Mr. Du Garde Peach can be as humorous as Mr. Maxwell, and there are passages in his book that are even reminiscent of Mr. Belloc in his happiest vein. Yet Mr. Peach, who concentrates on those parts of Devonshire that are still comparatively unknown, is essentially a conscientious, dignified, and well-informed guide. Mr. Gyrth Russell's illustrations, though they have less "weather" in them than Mr. Maxwell's, are thoroughly alive. In every respect, indeed, "Unknown Devon" is worthy of the lovely county it celebrates.

GILBERT THOMAS.

RECENT GUIDE BOOKS

Muirhead's Northern Italy. **Muirhead's Southern Italy, with Rome and Sicily.** The Blue Guides. Two vols. (Macmillan, and Hachette. 15s. each.)
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The Story of Naples. By CECIL HEADLAM. (Dent. 5s. 6d.)
Along the Rivas of France and Italy. By GORDON HOME. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are two kinds of guide book. The first, which is more of a guide than a book, concentrates its attention on useful information. It is designed to make travelling easy and to furnish all possible information which the ignorant and inquiring traveller may find useful. It must tell him quite clearly how he may move himself from Pisa to Bologna, from the Capitol to the Vatican, from Palermo to Syracuse; where he may best sleep and dine, where he may find a post office or a doctor; what pictures, churches, monuments there are to be seen, and where he can see them. Of this kind of guide book the Blue Guides are admirable examples, and Muirhead's Northern and Southern Italy are among the best in the series. The Northern volume will take the traveller from the Alps to Rome, but does not include Rome; the Southern volume deals with the rest of Italy and includes

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Sicily and Sardinia. The books are easy to handle and easy to use, and the information is up to date, a most important thing nowadays in a guide book. Baedeker is a household word, and it is an excellent thing to find the handbook on Tyrol and the Dolomites revised and brought up to date in a new edition. The Tyrol has always been popular, but the Dolomites are a new discovery in recent years for many English travellers. The volume takes a high place even among Baedekers.

The second type of guide book attempts to be a book more than a guide, and it is not concerned with the transport, feeding, and comfort of the traveller's body. The books of Mr. Mackinnon, Mr. Headlam, and Mr. Home all belong to this variety. They are all readable. Their object is to tell the traveller the best things to see, and to give him historical and picturesque information. "Alma Roma" is an extremely good book of its kind, and it can be warmly recommended to anyone who sets out to "do" Rome. Mr. Headlam's "Naples," in the Mediæval Towns series, is also excellent. It is mainly historical and archæological. Mr. Home's book gives us a little of everything, history, archæology, stories, scenery. It describes seriatim the places on the coast from-Marseilles to Pisa. "Alma Roma" is illustrated with very good photographs, the other two books with drawings or coloured plates.

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Easifind Railway Time Table. Compiled by LT.-COL. W. MANSFIELD. (Rolls House Publishing Co. 2s.)

Some men find time tables of engrossing interest, using them either as an aid to dream journeys or as the raw material for a fascinating game, in which there is a pleasant mixture of arithmetic and romance. To these especially may be commended the new "Easifind Railway Time Table" by which may be traced over 12,000 through communications on British railways. Compilations of this kind seldom claim an individual authorship, but this latest monthly time table is the work of Lt.-Col. W. Mansfield, who is said to have devoted a considerable period of his life to perfecting his system.

At first glance the Easifind time table appears very far from easy, and it is doubtful whether it will ever become popular with those whose only adventures are summer excursions to seaside watering places. But really only a little patience is needed to master a system by which cross-country journeys may most easily be traced and inter-communications made clear. The key to Colonel Mansfield's guide, with its original features, is supplied in an excellent map and tabular index.

It would seem that this new time table will be principally valuable to the inquiry offices of the railways themselves, to the booking agencies and to those business travellers who are always "on the road." These last will find very useful the fact that the market day and early-closing day of every town is recorded, together with other such information as the population of the town, whether the station has a telegraph office and a refreshment room. But to all who travel in England and Wales and who find pleasure in tracing their route either before or during the journey, it will prove an excellent investment.

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TRAVEL NOTES

TRAVELLERS desirous of visiting Canada could not do better than peruse the booklets issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The tours described range from a short tour for £40 15s., including ocean fares to Tours-de-luxe. The booklets may be obtained on application to the Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

Two special cruises are being planned by this Company. One is a cruise round the world by the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Australasia," which leaves Southampton on November 12th. Visits will be made to Canada, New York, Madeira, Morocco, the Riviera, Naples, Pompeii, Egypt, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, Honolulu, San Francisco, returning, via the Panama Canal and West Indies, to Southampton on April 23rd.

The other cruise is off the beaten track. The Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of France" will leave Southampton on January 7th, 1928, for the West Indies, South America, South and East Africa, Egypt, and the Mediterranean, returning to Southampton on April 25th. Fifty-nine days will be spent afloat and fifty-one ashore, and the cruise includes the reservation of motor-cars, special trains, and the services of guides and interpreters.

Full particulars of these cruises or any other tours will be sent on application.

Belgium is deservedly popular with tourists, and is well served by railways. It is not generally known that season tickets are issued on demand at the offices of the Belgian National Railways, 47, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4, which enable the tourist to travel over the whole of the Belgian railway system as often as desired during the time the tickets are available.

Owing to the fluctuations in the exchanges, the rates for these season tickets are fixed every month for season tickets available for five and fifteen days.

All that the would-be tourist is required to do is to supply an unmounted photograph of himself in order that it may be affixed to the ticket, together with a deposit of 10 francs, which amount will be refunded at any Belgian railway station if the ticket is given up on the day following the last date for which the season ticket is valid.

These tickets are obtainable at any station in Belgium or from any of the principal tourist agencies, but readers of THE NATION desirous of obtaining these tickets will receive attention if they write to the Manager at the address given above.

The British Spas are perhaps in more popular favour because of the large increase in the number of motorists. Royal Leamington Spa offers advantages to motorists and to those who are desirous of "taking the waters." The new Jephson Gardens enhance its attractiveness, and the new Pump Room and Baths make the Spa more useful to those who are in search of health.

The town is well served with hotels and entertainments, there is a good golf course, and it is but one and a half hour's run from Paddington. The Spa Manager, W. J. Leist, Royal Pump Room, Leamington Spa, will gladly send a guide-book and any particulars required on request.

The Centenary Celebrations of the Spa, Scarborough, are to be held this week-end, June 18th-20th. On Saturday there is to be an old English Fayre, with aquatic sports and classical dances. On Sunday there is to be a Centenary Concert, when the musical programme will consist of music of the nineteenth century, and on Monday the celebrations will conclude at the Spa. There are to be representations of historical episodes in the history of the Spa, with period costumes, folk dances, and a costume ball to conclude the programme.

An interesting souvenir brochure has been prepared, and copies may be obtained from Mr. Will H. Emerson, Manager, the Spa (Scarborough), Ltd.

Tourists to America should write for particulars of the tours arranged by the American Express Company, 6, Haymarket, London, S.W.1. A special tour is being arranged through the Eastern States and Canada at an inclusive price of £62. The tour will extend to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Niagara Falls, Montreal, and Boston, and the cost is inclusive of all steamship passages and sight-seeing drives at the places visited.

